

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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NO. 13.

FINDING THE DEAD BODY OF KENNEDY.

Guy Mannering, chap. ix.

Frank Kennedy, the supervisor, had made himself an object of hatred among the contraband adventurers who carried on the *fair trade*, as they called it, within his district, in consequence of several seizures which he had made. On a certain occasion, Captain Dirk Hatteraick had taken the liberty of landing a large cargo without permission, which Kennedy, after a desperate affray, bore off in triumph to the custom-house. Dirk Hatteraick vowed in Dutch, German, and English, a deep and full revenge, both against the gauger and his abettors; and all who knew him thought it likely he would keep his word. Not long after this, the inhabitants of the castle were roused by Kennedy, who came galloping up the avenue, pointing out Hatteraick's lugger, with all her canvass crowded. She was standing across the bay, and closely pursued by a sloop of war, that kept firing upon the chase from her bows, which the lugger returned with her stern-chasers. Kennedy hastened to the beach to give a certain signal which would enable the king's vessel to prevent the escape of the smugglers, taking with him the young laird of Ellangowan, whom he hastily threw on his horse, before him. In the meanwhile, Hatteraick had blown up his lugger, and under cover of the smoke, reached the shore with his crew. Here they fell in with Kennedy unexpectedly, and aware that he was the occasion of their disasters, they murdered him. The castle becoming alarmed by his long absence, and the return of the horse, without either of his riders, repaired to the beach in search of him. Boats were manned to search the sea-shore, which rose at this place into high and indented rocks. The body of Kennedy was found lying half in, half out of the water, but the child had been carried away.

HUMOROUS.

COMICAL ANECDOTE.—We have had anecdotes placing men in almost every situation—from the bottom of the sea in a diving-bell, to being confined under a bell while ringing—but they all yield in point of comicality, to the following: A minister, on a visit to one of his friends, begs or buys an iron pot, to which he happened to take a great fancy, and “off he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately, the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he had got half way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him, that if, instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened: the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot in inverted fashion upon his head; where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixotte, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and

dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot: but mark the result. The unfortunate minister, having taken a by-path to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which interrupted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped: but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or at least *into*, the dark, as this. The concussion given to the person in descending, caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with its rim upon his neck, stuck fast there, enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a newborn child was enclosed by the filmy bag with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favorite offspring. What was worst, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slide down over it, withstood every desperate attempt on the part of its proprietor to make it slip back again; the contracted part of the neck or *patera* being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, altho' it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypotenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contre-temps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hood-wink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely: the way difficult and dangerous: human relief was remote, and almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach in deafening reverberation the ear of the utterer; but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction. To add to the distress of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be DEATH IN THE POT.

“The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent: and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit or exert under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister of C—. Pressed by the urgency of his distress, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eye-sight, he could act only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over Chaos, the unhappy minister travelled, with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess in the direction of the place of refuge. I

leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith and all the hangers-on of the *smithy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know, (rather by signs than by words,) the circumstances of his case. The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards like the horns of the Great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking round to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of his release; and having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poisoning his goodly forehead. ‘Will I come sair on, minister?’ exclaimed the considerate man of iron at the brink of the pot: ‘As sair as ye like,’ was the minister's reply, ‘better a chap i' the chafts than dying for want o' breath.’ Thus permitted, the man let fall a hard blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook-maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer: but assuredly, the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C—.”

MISCELLANY.

THE ELEPHANT.—The following is related in the “Memoirs of John Shipp.” “In the year 1804, when we were in pursuit of Hoolkah, there was in our encampment a very large elephant, used for the purpose of carrying tents for some of the European corps. It was the season in which they become most unmanageable, and his legs were consequently loaded with huge chains, and he was constantly watched by his keepers. By day he was pretty passive, save when he saw one of his species, when he roared and became violent; and, during these moments of ungovernable phrenzy, it was dangerous for his keepers to approach him, or to irritate his feelings by any epithets that might prove repugnant to him. On the contrary, every endearing expression was used to soothe and appease him, which, with promise of sweetmeats, sometimes succeeded with the most turbulent to gain them to obedience, when coercive measures would have roused them to the most desperate acts of violence. By night their extreme cunning told them that their keepers were not so watchful or so vigilant. The elephant here alluded to, one dark night, broke from his chains, and ran wild through the encampment, driving men, women, children, camels, horses, cows, and indeed every thing that could move, before him, and roaring and trumpeting with his trunk, which is with

elephants a sure sign of displeasure, and that their usual docility has deserted them. Of course no reasonable beings disputed the road he chose to take; those that did soon found themselves flooded. To record the mischief done by this infuriated animal in his nocturnal ramble, would fill a much greater space than I can afford for such matter. Suffice it that in his flight, followed by swordsmen and spearmen, shouting and screaming, he pulled down tents, upset every thing that impeded his progress, severely wounded and injured many, and ultimately killed his keeper by a blow from his trunk. He was speared in some twenty places, which only infuriated him. His roaring was terrific, and he frequently struck the ground in indication of his rage. The instant he had struck his keeper, and found he did not rise, he suddenly stopped, seemed concerned, looked at him with the eye of pity, and stood rivetted to the spot. He paused for some seconds, and then ran towards the place from whence he had broken loose, and went quietly to his piquet, in front of which lay an infant, about two years old, the daughter of the keeper whom he had killed. The elephant seized the child round the waist, as gently as its mother would, lifted it from the ground, and caressed and fondled it for some time, every beholder trembling for its safety, and expecting every moment it would share the fate of its unfortunate father; but the sagacious animal, having turned the child round three times quietly laid it down again, and drew some clothing over it that had fallen off. After this it stood over the child, with its eyes fixed on it, and if I did not see the penitential tear start from his eye, I have never seen it in my life. He then submitted to be re-chained by some other keepers, and stood motionless and dejected, and seemed sensible he had done a wrong he could not repair. His dejection became more and more visible as he stood and gazed upon the fatherless babe, who, from constant familiarities with this elephant, seemed unintimidated, and played with its trunk. From this moment the animal became passive and quiet, and always seemed most delighted when the little orphan was within sight. Often have I gone, with others of the camp, to see him fondling his little adopted; but there was a visible alteration in his health after his keeper's death, and he fell away and died at Cawnpore six months afterwards. People well acquainted with the history of the elephant, and who knew the story, did not scruple to say, from fretting for his before favorite keeper.”

COMFORTS TO FIG EATERS.—A more disgusting operation than the picking of figs, says Madden in his Travels lately published, I never witnessed. In an immense warehouse the fruit lay strewed over the floor, and fifty or sixty squallid women, with mewling infants, set squatted on the heap, picking and stretching the fruit, and overcoming its tenacity with saliva and manipulations. He saw the dirty children mauling the figs, and got out of the way as quickly as he could, lest he should witness any thing worse. He made a vow against figs!

SELECT TALES.

THE FATAL JEWEL.

Some years ago, John Andrew Gordier, a gentleman of French extraction, and of considerable fortune in the island of Jersey, was upon the point of marrying the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Guernsey, but on a sudden he was lost to his friends and relations, as well as to the lady who was to have been his bride; and notwithstanding the most diligent inquiry in both Islands, with every possible search that could be made, not the least intelligence could be obtained either of his death or his retreat.

It happened, however, that after a time, when all discourse concerning him had subsided, his body was accidentally found in Guernsey, by some boys traversing the beach, with two wounds on the back, and one on the head, thrust into the cavity of a rock, whose mouth was so small that it must have been with difficulty that the body could have been made to enter it.

This discovery, with those evident proofs of murder, alarmed the two families; the former inquiries were in vain renewed; not the least light, either to countenance suspicion or to ground conjecture, could be gathered, to trace out the murderer; and all that could be done was to pay the last duty to the remains of the unfortunate youth, by solemnizing his funeral with every mark of an affected sorrow.

The mother of the young gentleman remained inconsolable; and the lady to whom he was soon to have been wedded, pined in secret for the loss of the only man in the world whom she could love. She was indeed courted by a young merchant, but though she was in a manner constrained by her parents to admit his addresses, she was resolved never to give him her hand. The mother of Gordier, who never ceased to ruminate on the catastrophe which had befallen her son, was not a little solicitous for the welfare of the young lady, whom she looked upon as her daughter-in-law, and whom she regarded with the greatest tenderness, as she heard how severely she was affected by the sudden departure of her intended husband.

Some years afterwards, being told that the young lady's life was in danger, she resolved to cross the sea that divides the Islands, in order to afford every consolation in her power, by condoling with her, sharing her griefs, and thereby endeavor to alleviate the sorrows of her heart. As attendants in her voyage, Mrs. Gordier took with her a beloved brother and only surviving son. When they arrived they were advised by the apothecary who attended the young lady, not to surprise her by an unlooked-for visit, till she was prepared by degrees to receive it; but notwithstanding all the care that could be taken, the sight of the mother brought to her mind the full remembrance of the son, and the shock was too great for her weak spirit to bear; she fainted upon the first approach of Mrs. Gordier, and it was with difficulty that she was brought to herself. The mother was curious to know every little circumstance that attended the last interview of the young lover, and of all that had passed since the discovery of the murder of her son, and the lady was no less earnest to prolong the conversation; but her fits returned at almost every period, and she could only say how tenderly they parted, and with what ardency she expected his promised return the next day. It was no small concern to the afflicted mother to see the poor lady in this weak state, dying as she plainly perceived she was of a broken heart; and the company present could not forbear vehement execrations against the author of this double distress.

Mrs. Gordier, all on a sudden, burst into a flood of tears on seeing a jewel pendant to the young lady's watch, which she knew her son had purchased as a present to her, before he left the Island of Jersey. The violence of her grief was observed by the young lady, who had just spirits enough to ask her the immediate cause. Being told that the sight of a jewel, the presentation of which, to his beloved bride was to be the pledge of their mutual happiness, revived in her mind her irreparable loss, the young lady was seemingly struck with horror and astonishment at the declaration, and touching the jewel, as with an expression of contempt, sunk into the arms of her weeping visitor, without uttering a single word except *cl-c-r*, breathed her last. The manner of her expiring seemed to involve a mystery. All present were astonished. The confusion which her death occasioned stopped for some time all further utterance; but when every means had been used to restore her without being able to bring her to life, and when the effusion of sorrow poured forth at her death had for a while ceased, all who were present began to speak what they thought of her behaviour in her last dying moments. Mrs. Gordier, who was totally unacquainted with the soft and delicate temper of the deceased, could not help dropping some unfavorable expressions concerning her manner of leaving the world, which she thought plainly indicated a knowledge of the murder. Her own parents, who were present at the last affecting scene, fired with indignation at the insult offered to the unspotted innocence of their darling child, could not help resenting the interpretation put upon the last closing moments of her blameless life. A scene of trouble and mutual reproach ensued, which is easier to conceive than relate. When the commotion, however, was a little abated, and reason began to take place, the friends of both families very cordially interposed, and endeavored to reconcile the mothers by a cool examination of the circumstances that occasioned the unseasonable heat.

Young Mr. Gordier recollected that he heard his brother declare that the jewel in question was to be presented to his bride on her wedding day; and, therefore, as that had never happened, his mother might be justified in her suspicion, though perhaps the lady might be innocent. The sister of the deceased calmly replied, she believed the warmth had happened to be founded on a mistake, which she thought herself happy in being able to correct. The jewel, she said, which her sister wore, was not presented to her by Mr. Gordier, but was a present to her some years after his unhappy death by Mr. Gaillard, a very reputable merchant in Jersey, who had very assiduously paid his addresses to her, encouraged so to do with a view, if possible, to relieve her mind by diverting her affections to a new object; that as many jewels had the same appearance, that purchased by Mr. Gordier and that presented by Mr. Gaillard might probably not be the same. Mrs. Gordier very readily acquiesced; and having had time to recover her temper, fell again into tears, and in the most affecting manner apologised for her late indiscretion, adding, at the same time, that if it was the jewel purchased by her son, his picture was artfully concealed within it, which by opening, would put the matter beyond all doubt. The sister, nor any of the family had ever seen it opened, and knew nothing of such a contrivance. Young Gordier in a moment touched a secret spring, and presented to the company the miniature closed and beautifully enriched. The consternation was now equal to the discovery. The mystery was now unrav-

elled. It was instantly concluded that the horror of the murder must have struck the deceased, and the detestation of the murderer overcame her; the contempt with which she wanted to spurn the jewel from her, and her desire to declare from whom she had it; all these circumstances concurred to fix the murder on Mr. Gaillard, who having been formerly her father's clerk, the last word she attempted to utter was now interpreted to mean the *cl-e-r-k*.

The Clergyman who was present, and who gave the relation, being the common friend of Gaillard and the family where he now was, advised moderation and temper in the pursuit of justice. Many circumstances, he said, may occur to entangle innocence in the snares of guilt; and he hoped for the honor of human nature, that a gentleman of so fair a character as Mr. Gaillard could never be guilty of so foul a crime; he therefore wished he might be sent for on the present melancholy occasion, rather as a mourner than a murderer, by which means the charge might be brought on by degrees; and then, if innocent, as he hoped he would appear, his character would stand fair—if guilty, care should be taken that he should not escape. He added in support of his counsel, that a man once publicly charged with murder, upon circumstances strong as the present appeared, although his innocence might be as clear as the sun at noon-day to those who examined him, yet would never be able to redeem his character with the world, let his whole life afterwards be ever so irreproachable.

The greatest part of the company seemed to approve of his advice and reasons; but it was visible by the countenance of Mrs. Gordier, that she, in her own mind, had prejudged him guilty. However, in conformity to the advice that had been given, Gaillard was sent for—and in a few hours the messenger returned, accompanied by Mr. Gaillard in person. The old lady on his entering the room, in the vehemence of her passion, charged him abruptly with the murder of her son. Mr. Gaillard made answer coolly, that he indeed well knew her son, but had not seen him for many days before the day of his disappearance, being then out of the Island upon business, as the family in whose house he now resided could attest. "But this jewel," said the mother, shewing him the jewel open as it was, "is an incontestible proof of your guilt; you gave the deceased this jewel, which was purchased by my son, and was in his possession at the time of his death." He denied ever seeing the jewel. The sister of the deceased then confronting him, and taking it in her hand and closing it, said, "This jewel you gave to my sister, in my presence, on such a day," naming the day, the hour, and the place; "you pressed her to accept it, she refused; you pressed her again, she returned it; and was not prevailed upon to take it, until I placed it to her watch and persuaded her to wear it." He now betrayed some signs of guilt; but looking upon it when it was closed, he owned the giving, and, presently recollecting himself, said he knew it not in the form it was first presented to him: "But this trinket," said he, "I purchased of Levi the Jew, whom you all know, and who has traversed those Islands for more than twenty years past; he, no doubt, can tell how he came by it." The Clergyman now thought himself happy in the counsel he had given; and, addressing himself to Mrs. Gordier, said, "I hope, Madam, you will not be impatient until the affair has a proper examination. Mr. Gaillard I think, is perfectly clear in his justification, and the Jew only, at present, appears to be the guilty person; he is

now on the Island, and shall soon be apprehended."

The old lady was once more calm, and considered herself compelled to acknowledge her rashness, which was owing, as she said, to the impetuosity of her temper, and to the circumstances that produced it. She concluded by begging pardon of Gaillard, whom she thought she had injured.

Gaillard triumphed in his innocence, he hoped the lady would be careful of what she said; and threatened, if his character suffered by the charge, to refer the injury to the decision of the law. He lamented the sudden death of the unfortunate young lady, and melted into tears when he approached her bed. He took his leave after some hours' stay, with becoming decency, and every one, even the mother, pronounced him innocent.

It was some days before the Jew was found, but when the news spread that the Jew was in custody who had murdered young Gordier, remorse and the fear of public shame seized Gaillard, and the night preceding the day on which he was to have confronted the Jew before a magistrate, he was found dead, with a bloody pen-knife in his hand, wherewith he had stabbed himself in three places, two of which were mortal.

A letter was found on the table in his room, acknowledging his guilt, and concluding with these words—"None but those who have experienced the furious impulse of ungovernable love, will pardon the crime which I have committed, in order to obtain the incomparable object by which my passions were inflamed. But thou, O Father of mercies! who implanted in my soul those strong desires, will forgive one rash attempt to accomplish my determined purpose, in opposition, as it should seem, to thy Almighty Providence."

From the Pawtucket Chronicle.

POLAND.

On the 24th of May last, Nicholas I. was crowned King of Poland. It is the first coronation the Poles have witnessed since 1746, when Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski was invested with the royal diadem at Varsovia. Seventy years from the coronation of Stanislaus to that of Nicholas, and what a change in the prospect of gallant Poland, who then stood foremost in the rank of nations.

Oh, Poland! thy eagle has cower'd,
The bird that was famous in story!
O'er thy country misfortune has lower'd,
And set is the star of thy glory.

Beneath the red hand of the Czar,
The name of the Pole has gone down;
A tyrant has come from afar,
And crushed is thy martial renown.

The Muscovite sits on thy throne,
The diadem circles his brow,
The same that on Stanislaus shone—
Oh, where is its bright lustre now?

The chains of the proud Russ have bound thee,
His hand on thy sceptre is laid;
By the halo that once was around thee,
Were thy king and thy nobles betray'd.

No more to the breeze of the mountain
Shall the gay flag of Poland be spread,
No more to Liberty's fountain
Shall the sons of her glory be led.

For crush'd is thy Boleslas's fame,
And gone is the sabre* he wielded:
Forgotten in terror its name,
And low is the head that it shielded.

They have pass'd: the pure spirits that shone,
Like the day-star of Liberty ever,
In the strength of old Stanislaus' throne,
Like him they have perished forever.

* The sabre of the great Boleslas was, for seven hundred years, suspended from the girdle of the Polish Kings, at their coronation.

Bats.—A short time since, seven hundred and fifty bats were killed in a smoke house on St. Simon's Island, Ga. The building is about fourteen feet square, and was, after the slaughter, still decorated by many animals of the kind, hanging unharmed from the walls and joints.

THE LAW.

From the Albany Argus.

SINGULAR SUBJECT OF SUIT.—Amongst the various suits tried at the late circuit court, held in this county before Judge Duer, there was one of which the *subject matter* of action was so peculiarly curious and novel, that it attracted much interest in the investigation and speculation as to the result.

It was an action of Trover, brought by Messrs. Curtis, Boughton and Thorn, against a Mr. M****, and seven other persons, for the recovery of the value of an *Egyptian Mummy*. On the trial, it appeared that the plaintiffs had advertised the mummy for exhibition at a public house in the village of Rensselaerville, in this county, about a year ago, and the defendants being young *Corinthians* of the vicinity, and two or three of them students in a doctor's shop, had determined to dissect this wonder of the ancient arts with greater scrutiny than any of the Magi had yet done since it left the catacombs. In a word, it was clear that the young disciples of Æsculapius were bent upon a familiar interview with Miss Mummy, without regard to her age or dignity of rank. Accordingly, about midnight they made a lodgment—some burst open doors and extinguished lights—others were busy in securing the attendant with no easy hand—while the others disencased the object of their search from her bed of ages, without waiting to see if she was enclosed in sycamore, or what instruments the Egyptians used in forming it. Nor did they stop to decypher the hieroglyphics on the lid, or search for Osiris or the beetle. Indeed, they hurried her Mummyship down stairs with more haste than the gravity of the occasion could at all justify, without considering whether it was a Cleopatra or a Pharaoh. From that night to the present day, the mummy could not be heard of.

The claimants of these precious relicts of preserved mortality, naturally enough thought this proceeding a violation, not only of courtesy to the unknown stranger, but as somehow interfering with their interest, and a shabby return for bringing the skinny Egyptian all the way from the city of Thebes, on the Nile, for the gratification of the inhabitants of the new world, and they had recourse to the *ultima ratio* of the peaceful citizen,—the powers of the law,—for their redress.

The defendants' counsel said their clients had been disposed to believe an imposition was intended to be practised, and they entertained honest doubts of the genuineness of the mummy. They had heard such articles had been manufactured to dupe the credulous, and it was strongly intimated that a *leather whale* had been exhibited in that neighborhood a short time before, which had been discovered at Rochester, where an *auto-de-fe* had been made of the unnatural monster, and the discoveries had obtained considerable celebrity, their clients believed this might be a *leather mummy*; and having been actuated by motives purely for the public good, they ought not to be judged harshly or hastily. But whether it was a genuine mummy or not, they argued that it was an article in which there could be no *property*. It was against natural feeling, and contrary to the laws of the whole civilized world, to permit a traffic in human bodies. Besides, the plaintiffs could not be the *legal* owners, as they admitted in their opening that they had obtained it from Grand Cairo, in Egypt, where they must have stolen it. The last lineal descendant was the only one who could with propriety claim the body of his ancestors, and they had the right, for any thing that appeared to the contrary, to take it where

ever it was found; and as the plaintiffs, and those under whom they claimed title, were wrong doers, and even iniquitous actors, a conscientious court and jury ought not to help them to that which they had originally obtained against all right. At all events, they observed, the article having no intrinsic worth, nothing could be recovered for it.

The plaintiffs' counsel resisted the suggestion of the defendants, as to the mummy not being genuine, and alleged that it was a wanton attempt to injure the plaintiffs still farther, and challenged the defendants to produce the least proof to raise a doubt on that subject. They stated they were able to show the importation of the mummy by Mr. Kearney, consul at Trieste, and transmission to a most respectable mercantile house in N. York, with the original certificates by Mr. R. Peale, of the New York Museum, the opening of the sarcophagus, and the cutting of the bandages from the face, in the presence of more than 300 intelligent persons in that city, and the certificates of scientific gentlemen who were present, whose names would obtain the most implicit confidence. It was not only an article of *property*, but such as could not be replaced, and of great value. It was an article of commerce. The owner was as much entitled to this preservation, altho' it was of a human body, as the surgeon was to his anatomical preparations, or the devotee to his relics, or the student of natural history to his collections of curiosities. The plaintiffs were, as well *legally* as *honestly*, the owners; because, altho' they admitted the mummy had been brought to Trieste from Grand Cairo, it was yet for the defendants to shew that the lineal heir had not sold the body. That it was not enjoined by the laws of that country that the heir should always dispose of the embalmed relations of all his progenitors after they had been entombed for 3000 years, or that they were not preserved for that purpose. Besides, it was historically known that the ruling pacha of Egypt had become administrator general of the catacombs; and as he did not fear to be called to account by the *family* of the deceased, he had been quite liberal in his sales. The defendants, therefore, were not at liberty to gainsay the title, or set themselves up as *heirs*—certainly not at this distance without showing a more perfect *genealogical tree*. To the plaintiffs the mummy was not of mere speculative value. She was of real *substantial use*; producing a net income of eight dollars a day throughout the year.

Mr. R. Peale, of the New York Museum, in his testimony, substantiated all the facts, to show beyond all possibility of doubt that the article in question was a genuine mummy, obtained from the catacombs of Upper Egypt. He had purchased it on its importation to this country, and described it as one of curiously perfect preservation, and valuable for that reason, as well as on account of its being evidently, from the formation of the face, a female, which had been rarely found. He identified it from the color of the hair being a reddish brown, situation of the front teeth, and other marks, which could not be mistaken as the same which had been "abducted" by the defendants. Mr. P. gave a very learned and interesting history of these preservations, which had been imported into Europe and this country, and shewed himself better possessed of all the information in that matter than probably any person in the United States.

After the whole of the evidence had been submitted to the jury by the able and learned Judge, they returned into court with a verdict for the plaintiffs, of twelve hundred dollars, besides the costs of suit.

Counsel for the plaintiffs, H. Stone and J. M'Kown. Counsel for the defendants, J. Jenkins and J. V. N. Yates.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A DIRGE.

To earth!—To earth!—
Lay her in the gentle earth
With all her sorrow, all her worth,
Till she claim another, better, brighter birth!
All amidst the gentle mould,
Lay her now, how pale and cold!
She was young, and fair, and good,
Yet her doom was understood;
For she sought the specious ill,
And obeyed her burning will,
Till the victim did discover
All the darkness of the lover,
All his falsehood, all his pride—
Then a pang, and so she died!
Lay sweet sorrow in the earth,
It shall have a brighter birth:
Love, where passion is forgot:
Love, where falsehood liveth not;
Cloudless beams in azure bowers,
Where no tempest ever lowers;
All the scents of all the flowers,
Heav'nly, endless, bright, immortal, happy hours!

FREDERICK THE SECOND'S DOG.—Near the end of the seven years' war between the Prussians and the Poles, Frederick the Great, who was near sighted, found himself alone at a distance from his army. He had reason to apprehend a rencontre with numerous detachments of Cossacks roving in the vicinity. He rambled here and there, when his dog of Danish breed, who always accompanied him, placed his paws suddenly against the breast of his horse, as if to hinder him from advancing, but failing in this he turned to the king himself, and taking the skirt of his coat in his mouth, sought to detain him. Frederick, who had experienced in many encounters the particular fidelity of his dog, was astonished at his conduct. Suspecting something extraordinary, he stops, looks around him, but perceives no person. He listens, but hears nothing. Not contented with these precautions, he dismounts and walks to the rear, to the great delight of his dog, who leaped for joy. Choosing a firm piece of ground, the king laid down and placed his ear to the earth. He immediately heard a sudden and distant sound, along the banks of the river—he listened, and was satisfied that his dog had advised him of his danger. He soon after, by the light of the moon, descried a large body of cavalry, occupying an extensive plain.

In this hazardous situation, Frederick lost no time, he sought refuge under the first arch of a bridge, over which the cavalry were advancing, in profound silence. Never was this Prince in such imminent danger; the least movement might betray him, and to be made a prisoner without resistance, was to tarnish his exploits, perhaps lose his renown. To aggravate his distress, his dog, who could not endure the sight of his master's enemies, began to bark. At this critical moment, trembling for the first time for his safety, the Great Frederick suddenly seized his dog by the jaws, and holding them firmly shut between his hands, he remained motionless in that singular attitude, until the Cossacks had passed and the danger was over. The king, at the death of his dog, erected to his memory a monument of white marble in his park of Sans Souci.

ROGERS'S CUTLERY ESTABLISHMENT AT SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.—Rogers's establishment for cutlery was of course an object of curiosity. His finest articles are exhibited for sale in a style which would not discredit a drawing-room. Beneath a case at one end is a penknife with 1823 blades, and another at the opposite end little less formidable for the number of its bristling points. Near by are also exhibited in a rosewood case, a penknife of

perfect construction less than a quarter of an inch long, a pair of scissors of still smaller dimensions, with a variety of other articles with seem to have been the handy work of Lilliputian artists. We afterwards visited the shops where penknives, razors, &c. are manufactured. Penknives are made by very rapid process. A blade is forged in about two minutes, but passes through a variety of hands before the knife is ready for sale. The whole amount of time, however, which is actually extended in its construction, is very trifling. In tempering the workmen are directed by the color of the oxyde, when the blade is taken from the water. An orange color is considered to indicate the proper degree of hardness. If the crust on the blade is blue, the temper is too soft; if white, too hard.—*Notes of a Traveller.*

SINGULAR PROPERTY OF FIGURES.—In Dr. Hutton's Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary it is said—"The difference between any number and another formed with the same digits, any way transposed, is always divisible by nine." A Mr. Hall, in England, has lately laid claim to the discovery of this property, and his claim has been the subject of some letters in the London Courier. *Query*—Is not the difference between any two numbers so formed, always divisible by three? We find the following extract of a letter from George Senior, in the Liverpool Kaleidoscope:—

I have also found that the sum of two rows of figures, with no more than two figures in a row, and the lower row reversed, is always divisible by eleven, without a remainder. Examples:

12	32	45	63	79
21	23	54	36	97
—	—	—	—	—
33	55	99	99	176

A PUZZLE.—I'm a word of five letters and am well known to mariners; behead me and I'm a certain animal; behead me again, and I am skillful; behead me again twice, and you have the name of an East India plant; my first, second, third and fourth will give you the name of fish found only in a certain river; my first, third, fourth and fifth is found in almost every home; my second, third and fifth is a useful covering for a certain part of the body; my first, third and fourth, transposed, is a part of a circle; my first, third and fifth, transposed, will form part of a play; my third, fourth and fifth, transposed, is a useless and troublesome animal; my first, third and fifth, transposed, is a nail; my first, third, fourth and fifth, transposed, is a road. Who can tell what I am?

Herculeanum.—A house belonging to a barber has been recently discovered at Herculeanum. The shop of this "artist," the furniture, the benches on which the citizens sat while waiting for their turn, the stove, and even the pins employed in the ladies' head dresses, were found in an astonishing state of preservation.

New route to China.—Steamboats may go up from Quebec to Lake Superior ere three years from this time: from thence, with little trouble, they will pass through the notch of the Rocky Mountains, and be locked down the Columbia to the Pacific Ocean.

Lakes.—It is remarkable that lakes which have no issue are salt. It is probable that all rivers collect a certain portion of salt from the soils through which they pass; and where there is no exit it accumulates. In this sense the sea may be considered a great lake, and must consequently increase in saltiness. It would be curious to know whether the cause is adequate to the production of its saltiness altogether.

The merchants of New York have presented to Hugh Maxwell, Esq. late District Attorney, an elegant Vase worth \$1000, in testimony of their esteem, &c.

CONDITION OF THE NORWEGIAN LADIES.—Eating and drinking is the greatest business of the Norwegians, the sole occupation of many, and the chief luxury of all; and it is owing to this that the condition of the Norwegian females is so much lower than it is in any of the other European countries. Women, even of the highest rank in Norway, are slaves; the greater, indeed, the establishment, the greater the slavery, which is precisely the reverse of the condition of females in England. Whatever servants may be in the different departments of a Norwegian establishment, they are not entirely trusted to in any thing; the mistress of the house is still principal housekeeper, chief laundry-maid, and head cook. The cook-maid in Norway is not entrusted with any of the great operations in the art;—her duties are precisely those of the menial, who, in England, is designated scullion. If a *Frou* [a name of distinction] be so fortunate as to have grown-up daughters, her duties are in some degree lessened. In a family, with which I had constant intercourse, the two young ladies, *Froken*s, as young ladies of quality are called in Norway, had their alternate weeks in the cooking department; at least half of every day is spent in the kitchen, and she whose turn it was to do this duty, did not take her seat at the dining-table with the rest of the company, but appeared when dinner was nearly concluded; and then, with cheeks that would have made rouge be superfluous. I have mentioned elsewhere, that the duties of the ladies do not end with the cooking of a dinner; the young ladies, [if there be any,] carry in the dishes, and if there be none, the mistress of the house. They also change the plates, wipe the knives, and perform every other office that is performed elsewhere by servants; but, in Norway, a servant is seldom or ever seen in a dining-room. The Norwegians would, indeed, consider it disrespectful treatment, were they to employ servants to wait upon their guests. In one house where we occasionally visited, and in which there was no young ladies, two farmers' daughters, neatly dressed, always assisted the lady of the mansion to wait upon the company. A Norwegian lady might, indeed, be cited as a pattern to an English servant, in the waiting apartment. She is constantly walking round the table, observing the wants of the guests, and supplying them. Nor does she, in general, partake of dinner with the party, but dines either before dinner is served, or after it is taken away. But the duties of a Norwegian lady are not confined to preparing the dinner, and serving the guests. They have other duties, of a still more unfeminine character. When in Norway upon a subsequent occasion, and at a different season, I heard a young lady decline an invitation to pass a week with a friend, because *it was slaughter time*. What should we think in England of a young lady who should make such an apology? But the apology requires explanation. Late in the autumn, just before winter is expected to set in, the establishment of a Norwegian family (especially if distant from any great market) is a scene of extraordinary activity and preparation; for it is at this time that the winter stores are provided; and this implies, in the first place, the slaughter of a great many animals. Then follow the various culinary operations; the salting of meat, the making of different kinds of sausages, and meat balls for soup, and black puddings, and white puddings, &c. In all these matters the young ladies are the chief actors; so that it can scarcely be wondered at that the *Frouken* refused an invitation because it was slaughter time. But these duties are not only performed by ladies of all ranks in Norway,

but are considered by them to be agreeable; and this season of slaughter and preparation is looked forward to as a time of more than common amusement. The more I saw of Norwegian society, the less I found to admire in the mental attractions of the females. There is one accomplishment, however, in which I willingly admit the proficiency of the Norwegian ladies—they all dance, and dance well.—*Conway's Personal Narrative*.

SUTTEE'S ESCAPE FROM THE PILE.—On the 14th inst. an occurrence took place at Santipore which has created considerable interest in the neighborhood. A woman about twenty-five years of age, of the Telee caste, on the demise of her husband, resolved to burn herself with the corpse, of which intention intimation was given to the magistrate, who, with several gentlemen, proceeded to the ghaut, in order to expostulate with the infatuated creature, where the police darogha was in attendance. On his arrival he found her seated beside the body, attended by different members of her family, waiting till the funeral pile, which was erecting at a short distance, should be finished. Every argument that could be thought of was now urged by him to dissuade her from her purpose, with all the earnestness the occasion was calculated to excite; but his solicitations, and the remonstrances of her own relations also, not proving successful after many persevering efforts, the magistrate reluctantly retired, and the other gentlemen also withdrew to a distance, until the ceremonies which usually precede the act of self-immolation were about to be commenced, when they followed, and placed themselves nearer the scene of action. With most imitable composure, the suttie went through the performance of various preparatory rites. Having conversed with the gooroo, washed her hands with the Gunda water, and been decked out according to established forms by kinswomen, she slowly and calmly raised herself from the ground, poured some rice into her lap, and scattering the grain as she marched in a direction contrary to the sun's course, encircled the pile three times, and at last, unassisted, with unblenched lip, mounted the structure, and threw herself on the remains of her husband; her son, a lad about thirteen years of age, then applied the torch, and a wailing cry of "*hurree hole! hurree hole!*" was instantly raised by the surrounding spectators, which she continued to acknowledge by waving her hand until the flames began to envelope her, when her courage, which had been wrought to the highest pitch, failed, and she sprang from amid the devouring fire in a state of extreme agitation from pain and terror. At this unexpected event, exclamations of disappointment were heard; her son seemed plunged in the depth of despair; some unfeeling bid her throw herself again into the flames, but she appeared to be scarcely sensible of what was taking place: after remaining in a sort of stupor, at length she seized her son's hand, and led by him, she moved away from the spot without venturing to cast one look behind. On being conveyed to the house of the resident, means were employed to alleviate the pain arising from the injury her arm had sustained, and to soothe her mind. After a while she became sufficiently calm to reply to the inquiries which were instituted into the motives that induced her to ascend the funeral pyre. Her determination to become a suttie had been the result, not of choice, or of any notion that by so doing she would escape some undefined misery in a future state, but of fear of personal obloquy and neglect from her friends, and of bringing disgrace upon them and her son. Indeed, the ap-

prehensions that her want of firmness would prejudice the boy's interests and success in life, were with great difficulty quieted by repeated assurances of protection. It would appear that she sprung from the pile from an instinctive impulse; but doubtless the conversation, which had previously been held with her, tended to shake her determination, and perhaps the knowledge that persons were present who would shield her from immediate injury or insult, prevented hesitation, when even momentary delay might have caused the forfeit of life. Having become tranquil, she was ultimately sent home with her relatives, who also appeared quite reconciled to the course that the affair had taken.

FASCINATION.—Mr. Townsend, a clergyman of excellent character and considerable learning, gives a striking account of power over horses, obtained by one James Sullivan, a native of the county of Cork. The man, an awkward, ignorant rustic, of the lowest class, was by profession a horse-breaker; and generally nicknamed the *whisperer*, from its being generally supposed that he obtained his influence over unruly horses by whispering to them. The actual secret of his fascinating power he kept entirely to himself; and it has died with him. His son, who is in the same occupation, knows nothing of it. It is well known that, however unbroken or vicious a horse might be when brought to him, in a short space of half an hour he became altogether passive under his influence, and was not only entirely gentle and tractable at the time, but continued so to a very considerable degree—though always somewhat more submissive to him than other people. There was a little mystery in his plan, but unquestionably no deceit. When sent for, to tame an unruly horse, he ordered the stable to be shut upon himself and the animal alone, and not be opened till a given signal. This singular intercourse usually lasted about half an hour; no bustle was heard—no violence seemed to be used: but when the door was opened the horse was seen lying down, and the fascinator by his side, playing with him as familiarly as if he had been a puppy. "I once," says Mr. Townsend, "saw his skill tried on a horse that could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The next day after Sullivan had lectured him, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, where, with many other curious spectators, I was an eye-witness of the complete success of his art; although the animal was a troop horse, and it had been naturally supposed that after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed the animal seemed afraid, whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him."

Be not surprised when you see men of virtue in misfortune and disgrace, nor when you see dignities in the hands of those who do not deserve them.

A good book is the best of friends. You may be agreeably entertained by it when you have not a living friend in whom you may confide. It teaches you wisdom, and will not reveal your secrets.

ON A LITTLE MAN WITH A VERY LARGE BEARD.

How can thy chin that burden bear?

Is it all gravity to shock?

Is it to make the people stare,

And be thyself a laughing stock?

When I behold thy little feet

After thy beard obsequious run,

I always fancy that I meet

Some father followed by his son.

A man like thee scarce e'er appeared;

A beard like thine—where shall we find it?

Surely, thou cherishest thy beard,

In hopes to hide thyself behind it.

WOMAN.

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sigh'd till woman smiled."

It would be a curious inquiry to ascertain the different ways in which women have been estimated in different countries, as well as the various opinions that have been published respecting them. Plato rejoiced that he was not a woman. Swift considered women only a higher species of monkeys, and the Turks will not allow them to have any souls. A Greek proverb reckons it as 'the extreme disgrace of sloth to be governed by a woman;' and the French, in their Salique law, seem to have recognised this axiom. Amongst the ancient Germans, however, women were in very high estimation. Tacitus informs us, that they were not only treated by their husbands with the greatest confidence, in their domestic occupations, but were even made partakers of their martial toils. And so far did they carry their respect, that they even believed a certain divinity to reside in the female heart, a belief which was encouraged to such an extent among some of the fiercest of the German tribes, that they permitted women to rule them in the name of the deity. Similar instances may also be mentioned among the ancient Britons, in the persons of Boadicea and Cartimandua; and the same degree of respect continues to be shewn to women by the laws of that country.

Woman has been the poet's favorite theme in all ages and in all countries, and some of the finest effusions have been in praise of the sex. The following, among the thousand specimens which might be adduced, to justify this remark, we copy from the works of Sir Aston Cokayne, and as they are exceedingly scarce, it may not be deemed uninteresting to our readers:

"I wonder why, by foul-mouth'd men,
Women so slander'd be;
Since it doth easily appear
They're better far than we?"

Why are the *graces*, every one,
Pictured as women be,
If not to show that they in grace
Do more excel than we?"

Why are the *liberal sciences*
Pictured as women be,
If not to show that they in them
Do more excel than we?"

Why are the *virtues*, every one,
Pictured as women be,
If not to show that they in them
Do more excel than we?"

ORIENTAL MAXIMS, FROM AN OLD FRENCH WORK.—The less wit a man has, the more vanity.

Of all the vices, vanity and the love of law-suits are the most difficult to correct.

It is the mark of a bad cause when men of the same party speak ill of each other.

The speech of the wise man is behind his heart, and the heart of a fool behind his speech.

Life is a sleep, and death is the time of awaking, and man walks like a phantom between them.

The crow will sooner become white, than the man who seeks for knowledge without application will become learned.

Guard yourself against your enemy, but guard yourself doubly against a friend.

The seeker of pearls dives into the sea, and the lover of fame must pass his nights in vigils.

What is remembered, decays; what is written, lives.

Do not speak ill of the dead; and the good deeds you perform will live in the memory of men.

Monarch and subjects are alike unfortunate, when men of merit are neglected, and fools occupy the highest stations.

FOR THE ARIEL.

Mr. Editor: While on a recent visit to the pleasant city of Burlington, N. J. the grave-yard of the Protestant Episcopal Church attracted my attention; and on entering, my eye was arrested by a monument, on which was engraven the following epitaph. I need not say that BLOOMFIELD McILVAINE was known to most of our citizens, either personally or by reputation; and that where best known, he was most esteemed and beloved.

Beneath this stone
Are deposited the mortal remains
of
BLOOMFIELD McILVAINE:
A Member of
The Bar of Philadelphia,
Distinguished by his genius
and attainments,
And beloved for his virtues;
Born in Burlington,
On the 22d of February, 1797;
He closed his short,
But brilliant and blameless life,
In his native place,
On the 18th of August, 1826.

On the reverse:

Erected by the Members of the Bar of Philadelphia, to the memory of their beloved and lamented Associate.

The monument consists of a square column of solid white marble, reposing on a slab of the same material, and surmounted by an urn. The ashes of his father, JOSEPH McILVAINE, Esq. A SENATOR OF THE UNITED STATES, repose at his side. They died within a day of each other. On the monument above-mentioned is a brief record of the birth and death of an infant daughter.

Pretty Fair.—S. L. Fairfield was to give at Hartford, on Monday evening last, the recitation of a poem, written expressly for the citizens of that city. Price of tickets for admission, 50 cents—length of the poem, twelve hundred lines.

The forthcoming number of the North American Review will contain articles of the following topics:—Irving's Conquest of Grenada; Authorship of Junius's Letters; Modern Greek Literature; Antiquities of Egypt; Dwight's Travels in Germany; The American Jurist; Holmes' American Annals; Life and Works of Canova; Grecian and Roman Geography; Kettell's Specimens of American Poetry; Hosack's Life of Dewitt Clinton; Capt. Basil Hall's Travels in the United States.

Tread Mills.—It appears from the Justice's report in Lancashire County, England, that, for the last ten years, there were expended on tread mills ten thousand pounds. The prison keepers in that county report, that the tread mills have entirely failed to produce a reformation in the prisoners.

Mrs. Norton's "Sorrows of Rosalie" has gone to a fourth edition. A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, now in London, attributes this success in a great measure, to the distinguished beauty of the author, to her being the daughter of Sheridan, and able, like her father, to attract an admiring crowd by a brilliant display of wit.

A schoolmaster, while surrounded by his scholars at night school, was one evening engaged in writing a copy, listening at the same time to some young men, apprentices, reciting a lesson in the Testament, and was favored by one of them with the following reading of Matthew:—"Ye blind guides which strain at a gnat and swallow a saw-mill." "What's that!" cried the astonished teacher, "how do you spell gnat?" "G-u-a-t, sir." "Admirable! well now, sir, if you please, spell saw-mill for us." "C-a, saw, m-e-l, mill."

Honest Corporal Trim is sadly transformed by a Connecticut paper, in quoting Sterne's comment on the fifth commandment; he appears as a plain yankee, with the appellation of Tim. We think this must be the same Tim, who, somewhere in Connecticut, underwent the process of introduction to a party of ladies, where he was ushered in by the master of ceremonies, after the fashion of Justice Shallow leading Slender—"Galls, this is Tim; Tim, this is Galls."

The cranium of Burk, the wholesale murderer, has falsified the doctrines of the phrenologists. His organ of destructiveness was small, and that of benevolence large.

Fires are raging in the woods around Catskill, N. Y. and on the mountains west. In Cairo, the village was endangered.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 3.

The Charcoal Trade.—Few of our citizens, although they are eternally beset by Charcoal Jemmies, have any idea of the extent to which this business has already arrived in Philadelphia. Not less than eighty wagons are daily in our streets vending this now indispensable article of fuel, and each teamster generally contrives to sell out his load during the day. A load is worth \$10 wholesale, or about \$15 if retailed out by the barrel. Thus, if eighty loads are sold daily, at ten dollars each, we have an amount equal to eight hundred dollars, expended every day in this city for Charcoal. The sum may appear too great to be correct; but we are assured by those well acquainted with the trade, that it is a fair estimate; and indeed, when it is remembered how perpetually our streets are thronged with wagons, at all hours in the day, the sum will not be thought exaggerated.

The profits realized by burning and selling of Charcoal are enormous. Out of a load which sells for \$10, a profit of \$5 is made, clear of all expenses; and when it is retailed at 23 to 31 cents a barrel, an additional gain of about two dollars on the load is the result. If this profit is realized now, how enormous must it have been last winter, when Charcoal was scarce at half a dollar per barrel. Several individuals had large yards filled during the summer, in expectation of the winter's demand, when the closing of the navigation would cut off all additional supplies from Jersey. As fuel became scarce, they demanded the extortionate price of half a dollar per barrel, and received it for nearly the whole amount of the immense stock they had on hand—thus realizing, out of the distresses of the people, a most exorbitantly unfair profit.

The impositions practised upon our citizens by the vendors of Charcoal have been frequently complained of in the newspapers, and are well known to housekeepers generally; yet no measures have been taken to regulate the sale of the article, and thus to do away their dishonest tricks. We have known instances where gentlemen have engaged from ten to twenty barrels of a man in the street, at 23 cents per barrel, and sent him to the purchaser's house, with directions there to be paid. The wagoner, on delivering the charcoal, has demanded, and insisted on receiving, 37 cents from the lady of the house, saying that was the price which her husband had agreed to pay.

So great and undiminished is the demand for this new article of fuel, that snug fortunes have been already realized by several individuals in and near Camden, while others, but recently embarked in the business, are rapidly arriving at the same desirable goal. The burning process is carried on in every direction around Camden. Some manufacturers are located as far distant as twenty miles from the same place, in the heart of the dense pine lands of New Jersey; yet, with all the expense attending the transportation of an article so bulky, an enormous profit is still realized on the sale of it. We look upon the introduction of stone coal as the main cause of starting this new business. Thus the state of Pennsylvania, while she enriches herself from new resources existing altogether within herself, scatters a large portion of the funds realized by the coal trade into the hands of her less fertile sister state. Indeed, the discovery of anthracite may be considered of nearly as much present advantage to New Jersey as that discovery is to Pennsylvania herself. Yet, while it creates a steady demand for those forests of pines, which but a few years ago were wholly useless, it affords, as an offset to the golden shower now rained down upon her, the gloomy prospect of laying bare the barren fields on which her forests flourish, unfit for cultivation, and for the next half century, incapable of yielding even a second crop of pine.

Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.—The editors, and others of this good city, are distinguishable from their neighbors, by the ease and facility with which they pass over the important events which by right belong to them. The Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, which has cost over two millions, was navigable for the first time last week; and con-

sidering the time, money and anxiety, which have been expended upon it, we anticipated some sort of celebration by the stockholders, and a laudatory ode from our brethren of the quill. No such thing, however, having occurred, we were tempted in the early part of the week to visit this great work, to ascertain with our own eyes, whether there was any apparent cause to delay the rejoicings, so proper and so common on the consummation of a great national event. We were conveyed to the scene in the handsome steamboat Norfolk, captain Barr, in company with a number of passengers for Baltimore; and after a short gaze upon the city of Delaware, embarked in a commodious barge, the "Chesapeake," drawn by six lively horses, and enjoyed with uninterrupted satisfaction a ride to the "west end." The first part of this route is through a marsh, where signs still remain of the unheard-of difficulties which were encountered on this section. For a long period, the earth, which was thrown in at great expense, for the purpose of making the banks, disappeared; and it was for some time problematical, whether there was any bottom to the morass. This disappearance caused the neighboring mud to rise up as if in dudgeon; and as the excavation of the canal had removed a part of the weight, the rising generally occurred in the centre of the digging, frequently reaching higher than the original surface. Some of these places are still visible, though such as were left are no impediment to the navigation, the canal being wide enough to admit a boat in all cases where they have not been removed. This section to St. Georges, where the first lift-lock is seen, is beyond all cavil completed and perfect. The dry cutting commences near St. Georges, a very small village; and soon we enter the "Deep Cut," where for a long time past the difficulty of completion has been very great. The defect seems to have been in the contractors not having given the banks sufficient slope, by making the opening at top wider: the consequence of which has been repeated avalanches, or slips of earth into the bed of the canal. The last slip of this kind was computed to have cost twenty thousand dollars in its removal. Strenuous efforts are now making all along the Deep Cut, to prevent a like occurrence; and in many places the sides present a very singular appearance, being thatched with straw, and protected at intervals by huge stakes. The bank in some places is very irregular, with holes and hollows, which, it must be confessed, wear a threatening aspect; but from the precautions taken, may never occasion much expense. At the deepest part you pass under the "summit bridge," mounted like an eyrie, far above the reach of the tallest mast, and forming a very picturesque object. The deep cutting continues some distance beyond, when the country grows more level, and the traveller looks out upon a poor sample of Maryland cultivation. The whole distance, to the debouchement in the creek, which empties into the Chesapeake, is said to measure fourteen and a half miles, which is readily travelled in two hours. The town at the west end has not made more rapid strides towards accommodations for man than its rival on the Delaware, there being only about one dwelling yet prepared, and that is a good hotel. Having sauntered about at this desolate spot a short time, the boat from Baltimore was seen creeping up the creek, and we took up our line of march homewards. The schooner William Tell, captain Ordley, passed through the canal on Monday, thus giving solid proof to the stockholders and the public, that this great work is in a fair way of yielding a revenue.

We observe that, when the water was let into the Pennsylvania Canal at Lewistown, last week, they had firing of cannons and great rejoicings, while the Chesapeake and Delaware is suffering to open its own mouths while ours are closed.

Original Anecdote.—Two gentlemen visited the Infant School last week, to see whether a few children of their neighborhood could be admitted, when they learned that the funds of the Society were so low as not to allow the purchase of fuel for the winter. While examining the school, two sisters entered, the one crying, and the other endeavoring to comfort her. On inquiry, it was found they had just heard the report that the school was to be closed for want of money! The child who was

crying had brought ten cents, her little all, "to help keep the windows open," so attached was she to her school. The effect on the gentlemen present may be easily conceived: they thought if the child could give ten cents, they could afford ten dollars each; and a fund was thus instantly raised, which will probably be the means of keeping "the windows open" all winter.

Gunning.—We mentioned in our last paper that half the city had emigrated into the neighboring marshes, with guns in their hands, in pursuit of Reed Bird and Rail. But until we read the Chronicle of Monday, we had no suspicion of their attention being drawn after humbler game. The editor gives the following magnificent result of one day's labor, under the apt head of "Sporting extraordinary."

"On Saturday last, four gentlemen of this city, well known epicures, started on a sporting expedition after mud larks, known better as Frogs. They were absent 5 hours, and in that time captured, by maiming, bruising, and otherwise maltreating, the enormous number of 610 Frogs, 1 Reed bird, 1 Rail, and 2 Snakes; and all with clubs—more of the featherless tribe than they ever supposed had an existence at one time. At the end of the sport, it is said, they were addressed by a veteran, the only survivor in the district, in the words of his great ancestor—"Gentlemen, this may be sport to you, but it is"—a blow from a club cut short both life and speech, and his mangled body was counted among the number of victims already stated."

Seckel Pear.—The season for this delicious pear has arrived, and the fruit is exposed for sale in our markets, at the enormous price of two dollars a bushel, nor have we been able to procure it for many years at a less price. If we are correctly informed, this is a variety of the pear kind which springs up, spontaneously, on the farm of the late Mr. Seckel, in the Neck, and very soon found its way into the gardens of those who can appreciate good things. The wonder is, that every body who cultivates fruit of any kind, for their own tables, or market, has not taken the pains to procure this tree. It is a great bearer, very thrifty, and grows well in most soils. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the most delicious fruit of the pear species, and at the price for which the fruit is sold, the most productive tree that can be planted. Is there any other fruit that brings so high a price? and is not two dollars a bushel for pears equal to one dollar for potatoes, which latter are now selling for 25 cents. Who, then, will hesitate to set out a few Seckel pear trees?

Emigration.—"That man," said a wit to his friend, "was brought up a gentleman, but emigrated!" This is equal to the reply of the Kentuckian, who, on being asked in New Orleans where he was "born, bred, and fetched up," replied, "Nowhere; I come down on an ark!"

Runaway Scoundrels.—This caption is given to the following notice, by the Editor of the Jamestown Republican—

"Hiram S. Hancock, of Sugar-Grove, and Lot Pixley, of this town, have runaway in our debt. The former owed us \$3 50, and the latter \$6 50. Hancock is a small man, with a lank visage, and Pixley resembles a Narraganset Indian. We are thus minute in describing them, that they may not gull other editors as they have us."

The elevation of man.—If the human race have never discovered perpetual motion in mechanics, they may be said to have found the perpetual motion of mind. The following is from a foreign paper:

"A letter from a gentleman in Vienna states that a Frenchman was in that city, who had really brought to perfection the long desired art of flying in the air. He is said to have reached, in his last essay, a height of more than nine hundred feet, and to have then proceeded with much ease for a great distance, horizontally."

The Sickness at New-Orleans.—Letters from New Orleans to the 6th ult. represent the ravages by yellow fever as most distressing. Capt. Fanning, of the ship Superior, had been sick, but was recovering. First mate dead—second mate very sick.

A letter, which we find dated Manchac, Lou. 27th August, says: "The yellow fever is making terrible ravages here. At Plaquemine, all the shops are shut, and those who have been so fortunate as to escape the disease, have left the place."

Pawnbrokers' Sales.—There is no description of public sales that are half so well attended as those occasioned by a pawnbroker's putting off the stock accumulated on his hands during three or four months. We believe the law obliges them to keep, for a term of six months, whatever goods are left in pledge, that the unfortunate pledger may have an opportunity of redeeming them. But from the number of traders of this class at present in Philadelphia, these sales occur every week or two during the year; when the city is visited by Western and Southern merchants, several take place in the course of a week. We said in the outset, that they were better attended than any other kind of auctions—that is, a larger audience is drawn within the sale room. From what cause we scarcely know, unless it be that many persons attend from curiosity, to see how the pledges they left in the pawnbroker's hands will be sacrificed; others to see how good goods will be thrown away under the hammer of the auctioneer; and a third set, with the intention of becoming purchasers. It is generally known, moreover, that all such pledges will be sold without reserve, and sold greatly below their real value; because the individual who received them in pledge, by advancing only one tenth of their value, can afford to get rid of them at auction price, which, though very cheap, is still great enough to afford him a monstrous profit. This consideration also, draws many buyers, each one expecting a bargain, and being seldom disappointed. The infinite variety of articles offered—almost every thing between a needle and an anchor—is sure to attract notice, because it is ten chances to one that whoever attends is sure to be suited with what he wants.

The business of selling pledges is very summary, because much must be sold in a short time, and the owner can well afford to hurry through, it being more an object to turn them into cash immediately, with an hundred per cent. profit, than to procrastinate the sale for the sake of an additional fifty per cent. Consequently, goods are knocked down very cheap. We stepped into one of these sales the other day, being commissioned by a friend in the country to purchase him a gun. The first article put up was a pinchbeck watch, handsome to look upon, and said to be in good order. It was knocked down for a dollar and a half, to Mr. "Cash." The next was an old-fashioned, double-cased silver watch, short and thick, like a turnip, and the very image of one we had an hundred times seen hanging over the ample fire-place of our grandmother. It needed no warranting, for watches of that kind are known to be superior time-keepers—yet the article brought only four dollars!—and there was neither flaw nor bruise about it. We examined the watch afterwards, and it was a decided bargain. So the sale went on, until an invoice of about one hundred and fifty watches was sold. They were of all kinds and descriptions, from the most old-fashioned to patent-levers and repeaters that had never seen the inside of a fob. All sold unreasonably cheap—so cheap, in fact, that if the supply at these sales is continued in like quantities, (and there is no prospect of its diminishing,) we think the business of the regular watchmaker will be materially injured.

From watches, the crier proceeded to an invoice of about thirty guns—old-fashioned, with common locks, percussion, and the finest guns we have ever seen. The worst, as usual, was sold first. It was a very clever looking piece, perfectly sound, and in good order—such as we should have gloried in twelve years ago, and better beyond all comparison than the fire-locks of Morgan's army at the Cowpens. It sold for three dollars! The next was better. No moderate man need wish a finer gun. Six dollars bought it. At last came a piece which the crier asserted to have cost an hundred and fifty dollars; and from appearance, we should not doubt it. Every part was glittering with silver and gold; and altogether it was the most perfect gun we ever saw. It went off for something like forty-five dollars. As it was handed out to the buyer, the question involuntarily obtruded itself, how did this valuable article become the property of the pawnbroker? Was it the pressure of poverty, the result of misfortunes unlooked for and not to be avoided, that pla-

ced it in his power; or was it dissipation, drunkenness and gambling? The latter, beyond doubt. The original possessor had probably pledged it for ten or twenty dollars—

"Sunk in the last receptacle of vice,
With virtuous shame no longer over nice,
The costly relics that are still his friends,
Are pledged in usury for baser ends,
'Till all have gone."

The next article to which the crier called attention was one which caused a crowd of strange and melancholy thoughts to rush into our heart, until it rose into the throat with suffocating violence—it was a cradle. Alas! we thought, here may be traced the finger of a deep and terrible calamity. Perhaps this silent emblem of our early helplessness may have been pledged by some distressed old man, to furnish for a sick bed those necessities which his noble spirit scorned to ask from public charity—necessities which had entered deep enough into his soul to force him to surrender the cradle into which his younger hands had rocked his smiling offspring, "now to the dust gone down." Perhaps, too, it had been wrung by sharp distress from the keeping of a young husband—an industrious mechanic—now low upon the couch of sickness; his anguish-stricken wife now forced to pillow in her weary arms the only pledge of their but recently plighted love. Alas! how happy, and yet how sorrowful a story thou couldst tell, we exclaimed within ourself, as the joke and jeer went heartlessly among the crowd—

"Though formed to guard with pious care
The slumbering infant's sinless head,
How soon the blasts of dark despair,
Have howled around that cradle bed!"

The memento of some deep domestic sorrow was rudely made the subject of the young man's wit, and the old one's obscenity—until the crier, with that carelessness and haste peculiar to his calling, knocked it down for half a dollar. I turned upon my heel into the street, glad to escape, in the bustle of a noon-day crowd, from the painful thoughts which this last scene in the whole act had given rise to in my mind.

Glass Eyes.—We continue to see puffs extraordinary respecting the natural looks of glass eyes. To those who have been deprived of an eye, ladies in particular, the invention of thus supplying the deficiency, must be invaluable; but it is cruelty to the gentlemen to fix up a lady's face in this manner, and deceive their lovers. A lady, too, need have both eyes wide open in these times, to make a good choice. We remember an old epigram, written some eighty years ago, which would seem to prove that glass eyes are not of very recent invention:

What a frail thing is beauty, says Baron Le Cras,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she, more confused, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage proved the maxim too true—
She dropt out the eye, and broke it.

The new Baptist church, to be built on Spruce street between Fourth and Fifth, is rising rapidly on its foundation. The lot is 74 feet front on Spruce street, by 102 feet deep, and cost \$14,000. This sum included the price of several buildings by which it was occupied, one of them being a new three-story brick house, with back-buildings, recently occupied by Dr. Abercrombie. The other tenements consisted of sheds and stables of little value, and, together with the ground they occupied, were the property of different owners. The movements of the workmen have been uncommonly rapid, and we presume, if the same degree of activity is observed for a month or two, the church will be opened for Divine service by the first of January. It was intended by the trustees to possess of the whole lot to the corner of Green's court, by the purchase of a house, the property of the widow of the late Thomas Goodwin, for which they offered, the lot included, \$3,800. The necessary papers were drawn up, preparatory to a sale, when, on proceeding to execute them, a flaw was discovered in the title—there being a ground-rent on the property which no one has called for in the last eighty years. The foundation for the church was immediately laid on the ground already bought; although, if the house and lot above-named could have been procured, the site for the new building would have been infinitely better fitted to show off the beauties of the latter.

The public are indebted to our fellow-citizen Nicholas Biddle, Esq. President of the United States Bank, for the new stairway to Iris Island, at the Falls of Niagara, who was lately on a visit to the Falls, and learning that the spiral stairway on the British side had been built by the subscriptions of certain citizens of Boston, and perceiving the increased interest which would be added to the scenery by making the base of Iris Island accessible, generously proposed to one of the proprietors of the island, to commence the construction of this stairway, and draw on him for the expense.

How does the printer live? This is a question which may be answered in 4900 ways, as follows:

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evil helplehlive

Cheerfulness.—A writer in the Scotsman, on the subject of a new publication, "An experimental Inquiry into the Laws which regulate the Phenomena of organic and animal Life," makes the following remarks:

"But at all events, the man who wishes to have a long lease of his life, should shun all serious long-visaged people as so many assassins. All brimstone-merchants should be considered as more dangerous than mad dogs."

Profits on mind.—What would the ancients have thought of the immense fortunes now realized from composition and printing? In reading the annexed paragraph, the reader must bear in mind that it alludes to a second edition, the profits on the first having greatly exceeded the sum stated here.

"The generally current story relating to the profits arising from the sale of the new edition of the Waverley Novels, is not correct. Cadell & Co. of Edinburgh, were the purchasers of the whole copyright, after the failure of Constable & Co.; and they, as well as the author, Sir W. Scott, possess a moiety of the net proceeds, which, if the sale should continue in proportion to the number sold of each of the three volumes already published, will yield to each of the parties forty thousand pounds sterling."—*London paper.*

Gas Vacuum Engine.—Some years since, this machine was much talked about, and a commercial house of this city interested themselves in its success; through an enterprising agent, they procured a law of Congress for a patent for this country, and will, we hope, yet reap their reward from it, as the following London paragraph indicates the completion of the machine:

"The gas vacuum engine, of which so much notice was taken some time ago, is now stated to be perfected, and capable of being applied in almost any situation. It is warranted by Mr. Brown, the inventor, to do as much work as a steam engine, at one-half of the expense, besides being originally much cheaper. As a fire engine, it is said to offer great advantages, as it may be erected in any situation where gas can be got in the streets, and made to throw water over the highest buildings."

American Turf Register, and Sporting Magazine.—We have received the October number of this very interesting and beautifully printed work, conducted by Mr. Skinner, of Baltimore, the well known Editor of that valuable work, the American Farmer. The second number is decidedly superior to the first—the matter is of a more interesting character, and a more ample fund of sporting anecdotes, essays, and intelligence, is given. The embellishments consist of an engraved portrait of the famous horse *Duroc*, and a very fine lithography of a *Sioux Warrior*, on horseback, charging in battle.

The typographical execution of the Sporting Magazine is vastly superior to that of the English publications of a similar kind, and reflects the highest credit on the liberality of the Editor, and the taste and skill of the printer. Until now, a blank has existed in the literature of this country, for the want of a publication of this kind has been seriously felt by the sporting population. They now pos-

sess a vehicle through which they may spread before each other, the result of their pleasures, the improvements made in sporting apparatus, the means of enhancing the enjoyments of the field and the turf; and may find in the same vehicle, a rich fund of sporting intelligence from all parts of the world, which is alone worth the price of subscription. The work is published monthly, by J. S. Skinner, P. M. Baltimore, at \$5 yearly, payable on the receipt of the first number, and if transmitted by mail, at the risk of the Editor.

The Agents in Philadelphia are Messrs. Littell & Brother, 136 Chesnut Street, from whom may be procured the two numbers already published.

Herr Cline, the celebrated rope-dancer, has been showing his feats to the wondering audience at Walnut street during the present week.—An article in the New York Courier, in setting forth the effect of a certain medicine, asserts "its effects are unanimous for lung complaints." It must be a *nem con* medicine.—I was talking with Henry James Pyc, late poet-laureate, says an English edition, when he happened to mention the name of Mr. P. a gentleman of Berkshire, and M. P. I think, for Reading; "That is the man," said I, "who damned the king's wig in the very presence of his majesty; with great credit, however, to his own loyalty, and very much to the amusement of the king." The king was out a-hunting, when his horse fell. The king was thrown from the saddle, and his hat and wig were thrown to a little distance from him: he got on his feet immediately, and began to look about for his wig, which he did not see, being, as we all know, short-sighted. P—, very much alarmed at the accident, rides up in a great haste, and arrives at the moment when the king is peering about and saying to the attendants, "Where's my wig? where's my wig?" P— cries out, "D—n your wig! is your majesty safe?"

—Dr. Barton invited, for the love of punning, Mr. Crowne and Mr. Rooke to dine with him; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be rather after the time on his appearing, said, "Mr. Rooke! Mr. Crowe! I beg leave to introduce one *Bird more*." He married his niece to a gentleman of the hopeful name of *Buckle*. Mrs. Buckle was delivered of twins. "A pair of Buckles! Boys or girls?" said a congratulating friend; the answer may be supposed.—*Marriage become merry.*—Married, in Shell Town, Upper Freehold, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Challiss, Mr. Cable Wright, to Miss Ann Ford. We hope the married life may prove to Mr. Wright a *right merry* one, and that he will be able always to *A Ford* his wife plenty of the good things of this life.—Reynolds, the dramatist, has stated that, during his theatrical career, he admitted gratis, into Covent Garden Theatre above 15,000 persons, who considered the accommodation paper more as a right than a favor, and that the only token of orderly gratitude he ever received, was from a pastry cook's boy, who, for a double gallery admission, presented him with a raspberry puff and a little pigeon pie.—The following notice appears in the Lynchburg Virginian, of the 28th ult.—*Chancery Court.* We are authorized by Chancellor Taylor to say, that he will, "on the 12th Oct. with the continued blessing of God, open court in Lynchburg, and stay until every thing is done."

March of Intellect.—A person reading a quotation from the London Literary Gazette, respecting the consumption of oil, found the usual abbreviation, *London Lit. Gaz.* Upon asking the meaning of a neighbor, he replied it means *London is lit with gas*.—At the Theatre the other evening, says the Chronicle, while every body else was listening to the Hunter's Chorus, a dandy lifted up his voice and said to his neighbor—"When I want a hat I send to New York." "Then you must always get an old one." "Why?" "Because you buy it *fur off*."—*Bull and no Bull.*—"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins—Hewing," says I, "How are you?" "Pretty well," says he, "I thank you, Donnelly." "Donnelly!" says I, "that is not my name." "Faith, no more is mine Hewins," says he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us—and sure where's the bull in that now?"

ORIGINAL NOTICES.

Abbott's Letters, written in the Interior of Cuba. By the late Rev. Abel Abbott, D. D. Boston, 1829.

This production, which is but just placed upon our table, is from the pen of an amiable and intelligent New England clergyman, who visited the southern States and Cuba for his health, which, though visibly improved during a part of his residence abroad, had not so far conquered his enemy, consumption, as to admit of his reaching home: he died on the passage. The interesting island of Cuba furnished matter for a variety of intelligence, in a series of letters to his family, which were thought by the survivors worthy of publication; and we must freely confess, we have derived very great satisfaction from the perusal. We judge from the account, that Cuba is improving rapidly in cultivation, and is gradually acquiring a rich and intelligent population. We cannot better introduce our readers to the book, than by extracting such portions of it as have struck us as interesting or novel. The manner of yoking oxen is thus described:

"A yoke is placed behind their horns at the root, and so fixed to them with fillets and ropes, that they draw or push by their horns without chafing. A rope or thong leads from that gear to the nostril, which is perforated to receive it. A rope thus fastened to the nose of each ox is sometimes seen in the hand of a man leading the team, as we lead a horse by the bridle; and sometimes the teamster holds the rope in his hand, and walks by the side of the cattle, goading the animals with a ten-foot pole.

"There is an infinite variety of caparison to their riding horses, from saddle of leather and plaited stirrup to a bed of straw tied on by a rope. Their bridles are as various, with and without bit, of leather, rope, and braided grass. But what strikes the stranger with surprise, almost rising into a nervous feeling, is the constant sight of men in armor. It seems as if it were a time of war, and every horseman a vidette. The broadsword dangles by the side of the gentleman, and holsters are inseparable from his saddle. The simplest countryman, on his straw saddle, belts on his rude cutlass; and every man, with a skin less dark than an African, appears ready for encounter."

The state of the slave population occupies less space than we think might have been assigned to it, but we are pleased to discover that their condition is not as grievous as we had anticipated. He says:

"It is a curious fact in the history of the black man, that it requires one third more medicine to affect his constitution than that of a white man. His blood is said to be very pure, owing to the simplicity of his diet, and the regularity of his exercise. A wound on a black man heals quickly. The diseases to which they are most liable are those of the bowels. They are considerably affected by worms—the tape-worm is not unfrequent. A very effectual remedy for worms, the tape-worm and all, is spirits of turpentine, a third to a whole glass, followed in a few hours by a cathartic."

The Bishop of Havana enjoys a revenue of one hundred thousand dollars per annum, which he lays out in beautifying the city:

"While many of the padres fully deserve the censures lavished upon them, some are said to be amiable, and in general correct and respectable men. I hear the bishop of Havana spoken of in terms of high respect. His princely income is munificently expended in mercy, and in beautifying the city, where he resides. He is said to be a man of liberal views; too much so to suit the high-toned feeling of ecclesiastics at home and in the colony. He has been once recalled; but the sentiment of the community was in his favor, and certificates from physicians that it would be dangerous to his health to remove, have preserved him to the diocese. His name is Juan Diaz de Espalando."

The sugar grinding, &c. with the whole process, is described to the life, but as this part of the volume has been published in several newspapers, we omit the account.

At page 57, we have some remarks on the slaves, part of which we extract:

"Mr. M. the sensible proprietor of this estate, thinks that slaves are in a more favorable situation in this country than in our own, that they work no more, (of this I doubt,) have a more varied and comfortable fare, and can, if they please, easily work out their freedom. They have certain privileges, as much land as they choose to till well, and the whole produce to sell in corn or pork, or what they please. I have myself seen a negro's hog worth \$50. The government favors manumission. If a negro can pay to his master the price he paid for him, he must let him go. If they do not agree, the captain of the partido directs a commission to

settle his price, and the master must take it. If he pays a part of the price, his master must release his service in proportion to the sum paid. If at the master's death the whole is not paid, he may then pay the rest and be free. The number of free negroes on this island is very great, which is an evidence of the liberality of government in this regard, and, I trust, of the humanity of masters.

"With respect to the talents of negroes, it is observed that they have no great judgment in planning; but can execute and imitate as well as the Chinese. The walls they build are mathematically exact, and as neat as those laid by a white man, and as rapidly built."

Havana, the largest city of America, strikes every stranger with wonder. Our author says:

"We were soon in the city, and a black man in livery seized an article of our baggage, as a pledge that we would take his volante to convey us to lodgings; and through very narrow streets, everywhere crowded by foot passengers and vehicles, with many stops to disentangle, and patient waiting now and then till the choked stream gave way, we arrived at the Hotel de Madrid. In the centre of this city—a vast mass of stone and mortar, encircled by a high wall, and the wall protected by a broad ditch of a hundred feet in width, which can be filled with water at pleasure for the safeguard of the city—it is impossible that a reflecting stranger should not be filled with deep interest. Every circumstance around him proclaims the importance of Havana. The turret and port-holes of the excavated rock of the Moro, frowning over the narrow entrance of the harbor; the strong battery answering to it on the opposite point; the long range of cannon and barracks on the city side; the powerful fortifications that crest the opposite hill; all speak one language to the eye of the stranger, that Havana is the heart of Cuba, and never must be given up. It is evident, he perceives, that the city is worth all this care to preserve it. The bay, populous with vessels from the whole commercial world; the city, a depot of mercantile and agricultural opulence; the immense extent of public buildings; the cathedral, churches, and convents; the governor's palace, post office, and other public buildings, with the palaces of nobles and opulent gentlemen, some of which buildings cover squares; in short, a spot wholly occupied with buildings, except a very scanty portion devoted to lanes—for as to streets, we can hardly allow that they have any—proclaim Havana within the walls one of the richest and most important spots, for the number of its roads, on the face of the earth. And yet, Havana within the walls is less populous than Havana without.

"Yet, what is Havana now to Havana in the distant prospect? The country makes the town. The population of the island is rapidly increasing. Every facility is given to the introduction of foreign capital, and of foreign planters and merchants. The laws in this respect are highly liberal, and the practice of the government still more so. He who cannot buy may take up land on trust; and while reducing the forest to a fruitful field, he is not even charged with the rent. When he can pay rent, it is exacted; and when he can buy the land, a fee simple is given him, and even creditors are not allowed to cramp his operations, or to eject him from his possessions by any sudden or distressing movement. What may not be expected as to the future magnificence of this city, when a soil so fertile shall be more generally settled, and the rich productions of the surrounding country shall pour a full tide into its bay and warehouses? Havana and its sister cities, and the island, are commencing a glorious career. If they continue their connexion with the parent country, in most respects it is a beneficent one. Their taxes to church and state are not oppressive; and protection is generally extended to persons and property. Assassinations are somewhat frequent in the city, and are a reproach to the government; but this is imputable in a great degree to an unfortunate law, which subjects to arrest and confinement every person who is a mere witness to a murder. The consequence is, that when an assassination is attempted, every witness flies from the spot, instead of coming to the relief of the assailed, or to the conviction of the murderer. It is devoutly to be hoped, that a law so fatal to the unfortunate, and so favorable to the flagitious, will be repealed."

The cultivation of coffee, one of the great staples of the island, occupies a great number of negroes, and the process is accurately described. One gentleman had a crop of 3,750 bushels last year. The total white population of Cuba is 259,260; free black and colored, 154,057; slaves, 225,131—making a grand total of 638,448. This is the generally received opinion, but our author thinks it must amount to a million, of whose character he gives the annexed summary:

"The foreigners settled on the island have naturally brought with them prejudices and partialities, derived from their natal soil. But, in very many, these soon become considerably modified by

situation and local interest. They have a domicile in the country, and a fee simple in the soil, and they become conformists in manners and customs which are innocent, and sometimes even in those of an immoral character, perhaps from easiness and love of pleasure, from the constraining power of fashion, or the graver consideration of interest. Waiving any obvious remarks on this fact, as it bears on the principles of the higher order, the political tendency of this conforming disposition, in matters indifferent, as to conciliate mutual confidence, and beget a Cuba feeling, a patriotic and national sentiment which in the end may answer high purposes.

"If there is a disposition in foreigners to conform in costume, equipage, building, table, salutations, and other indifferent matters to Spaniards and Creoles, there is evident respect, in turn, shown to the intellectual endowments, advantages of education, enlightened experiments and improvements in agriculture, and instruments of husbandry, regard for the Sabbath, and moral habits by which many emigrants are distinguished; and in some of these particulars they are slowly imitated by the natives. Time may, therefore, be expected to bring about an improved national feeling in the island, and advantageously amalgamate materials of different origin and character. Some progress in this important respect has been undoubtedly made."

We must here leave our author, having given but a meagre account of what has interested us considerably, confident, however, that the extracts we have given will induce those who feel an interest in the subject of this improving island, to procure the book.

From "Curiosity," a poem—by Charles Sprague.

THE NEWS.

Behold the sick man in his easy chair,
Barred from the busy crowd and bracing air;
How every passing trifle proves its power
To while away the long, dull, lazy hour.
As down the pane the rival raindrops chase,
Curious he'll watch to see which wins the race;
And let two dogs beneath his window fight,
He'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight.
So with each new-born nothing rolls the day,
Till some kind neighbor, stumbling in his way,
Draws up his chair the sufferer to amuse,
And makes him happy while he tells—the News.

The News! our morning, noon, and evening cry:
Day unto day repeats it till we die.
For this the cit, the critic and the fop
Dally the hour away in Tonsor's shop;
For this the gossip takes her daily route,
And wears your threshold and your patience out;
For this we leave the parson in the lurch,
And pause to prattle on the way to church;
E'en when some coffin'd friend we gather round,
We ask 'What news?' then lay him in the ground;
To this the breakfast owes its sweetest zest, [ed.
For this the dinner cools, the bed remains unpress-

What gives each tale of scandal to the street,
The kitchen's wonder, and the parlor's treat?
See the pert housemaid to the key-hole fly,
When husband storms, wife frets, or lovers sigh;
See Tom your pockets ransack for each note,
And read your secrets while he cleans your coat;
See, yes, to listen see, even Madam deign,
When the snug sempstress pours her ready strain.
This wings the lie that malice breeds in fear,
No tongue so vile but finds a kindred ear;
Swift flies each tale of laughter, shame, or folly,
Caught by Paul Pry and carried home to Polly;
On this each foul calumniator leans,
And nods and hints the villainy he means;
Full well he knows what latent wildfire lies
In the close whisper and the dark surmise;
A muffled word, a wordless wink has woke
A warmer throb than if a Dexter spoke;
And he, o'er Everett's periods would nod,
To track a secret half the town has trod.

"I have written on rose-scented paper."

We have upon our table a quire of *perfumed paper*, rose-colored and white, giving forth the fragrance of the rose and the geranium. It is a splendid article, in every respect. A sheet of this is indeed a fit messenger to bear the sighs of love-sick swains and maidens to each other: or for general use among ladies, a more delightful article of its kind never was invented. The perfume which the paper gives out is equal to the fragrance of the new-blown rose, and so thoroughly is it incorporated in the paper itself, that years must pass away, even if exposed to the air, before the scent will be entirely dissipated. The paper is manufactured at Mr. Donaldson's Mills, Hanover, N. J., and is for sale by Mr. Gurley, Market, opposite Deatur street. We understand the only lot sent to Mr. Gurley for sale, was eagerly bought up by the dealers in fancy articles.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.—It is as miscellaneous as a pedlar's box. A Norman tower, with artillery stores on the ground floor, and records in the upper stories. Stories for soldiers below, and lawyers above. Bastions of stone without cannon, and bastions of brick with cannon. Mints for coining-money, and prisons for coining groans. A large modern town hall looking building, not filled with feasting corporationers, but muskets, swords, and pistols. All the Kings of England in a row, clothed in the armor which they actually wore, of which (says Dr. Meyrick) not one piece is older than the time of Henry the Seventh. A menagerie of wild beasts, and a cupboard for the crown jewels. Dashing modern houses, with fine sash windows and antiquated towers. A platform battery of cannon, with no command of space before it. In short, a most extraordinary jumble; being an arsenal, a mint, a state prison, a record office, a jewel office, a menagerie, an old castle, a modern fortress, a wharf, a ware-house, and a town, all stuffed, like the goods in a wagon, into a small artificial island.

PORES IN THE HUMAN BODY.—The skin of the human body is a very curious object for the microscope. By cutting a thin piece with a very sharp penknife or razor, and applying it to a good microscope, a multitude of small pores will be seen, through which the perspirable matter is supposed to be perpetually transmitted. These are best seen in the under or second skin. There are said to be 1000 in the length of an inch, and of course, in the surface of an inch square, there will be 1,000,000 through which, either the sensible or insensible perspiration is continually issuing. If there are 1,000,000 pores in every square inch, the following calculation is made of the number in the whole body. The surface of the body of a middle-sized person, is reckoned to contain 14 feet; and, as each foot contains 144 inches, the number of pores will be estimated at two thousand and sixteen millions.

How to catch Crabs and Raccoons.—In Lawson's History of North Carolina, after describing the color, &c. of the Raccoon, we have the annexed description of its habits:

"Those that live in the salt water feed much on oysters, which they love. They watch the oyster when it opens, and nimbly put in their paw, and pluck out the fish. Sometimes, the oyster shuts and holds fast their claws till the tide comes in, when they are drowned, though they swim very well. The way that this animal catches crabs, which he greatly admires, and which are plenty in Carolina, is worthy of remark. When he intends to make a prey of these fish, he goes to a marsh, where standing on the land, he lets his tail hang in the water. This the crab takes for a bait, and fastens his claws therein, which, as soon as the raccoon perceives, he of a sudden springs forward a considerable way on the land, and brings the crab along with him. As soon as the fish finds he is out of his element, he presently lets go his hold; and then the raccoon encounters him, by getting him cross-wise in his mouth, and devours him. There is a sort of small land-crab, which we call a fidler, that runs into a hole when any thing pursues him. This crab the raccoon takes by putting his fore-foot in the hole, and pulling him out. With a tame raccoon, this sport is very diverting."

Large Apple.—A friend has sent us an apple raised on the farm of the Rev. Dr. Parvin, Cumberland County, N. J. weighing 25 ounces, and measuring 15 inches in circumference.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The limitations made by "Francis G. T." prevent the insertion of his manuscript. He runs into the same error which he wishes a certain preacher to avoid—namely, giving too much publicity to the theories of a notorious reformer.

The notice to a favorite correspondent in our last, was properly appropriated.

Stanzas without a name, shall appear in our next.

THE ORACLE.

Communicated for the Ariel.

QUESTION.—Why does almost every man, both old and young, if he overtakes a well-dressed woman, look earnestly in her face?

ANSWER.—Partly through the natural propensity he has for the fair sex, partly from curiosity, and many from natural impudence.

QUESTION.—Suppose a man has walked conscientiously all his life, and performed all his duties to God and man, and yet in sickness, by reason of its extremity, is distracted, and dies raving and blaspheming, what are we to judge of this man?

ANSWER.—Doubtless, we are to judge charitably, as God will mercifully; who will never punish an involuntary, which is not properly a human action.

QUESTION.—What is your opinion of the new fangled fashion of wearing a bushy beard on the upper lip and under the chin, and of the new check shirts?

ANSWER.—We think the beard an outrage on society, and the ladies in particular; they should lose no time in getting up a society, and adopting resolutions never to be courted by these modern *Turks*. As for the check shirts, we think them economical, and very few will wear them who can afford to have clean linen. They are extremely homely.

QUESTION.—I am an unmarried lady, possessed of some property, and am eternally bothered by seeing attached to my name the word "spinster;" pray, as you can answer every thing, do we derive this title from our mother Eve; and if so, what did she spin?

ANSWER.—Nothing at all, that we know of, since the Scripture says nothing on the subject. She was a seamstress, for both she and Adam sewed fig leaves together, but no spinster, whatever title the law gives her daughters, which presumes that if they do not spin they ought to, or do something as useful.

QUESTION.—Whether the present act of insolvency is compatible with justice and equity; and if rogues do not take advantage of it to defraud their honest creditors of their hard earnings?

ANSWER.—The act of insolvency of the state of Pennsylvania is founded upon a just and equitable requisition of the Constitution, which says that the person of a debtor who honestly gives up his all to his creditors shall be free from molestation, and which all must acknowledge both "just and equitable." That rogues avail themselves of this law is but too true, as many a man has found to his cost. We have heard of a man in the country, who sold all his estate, and sewing the money in the back of his coat, swore that all he was worth was "on his back," and thus escaped paying his just debts. With cautious judges, very few will be able roguishly to take the benefit; and because some rascals are successful, we do not think the system is therefore to be condemned, but if a better one can be substituted, do so—if not, creditors must "grin and bear it."

QUESTION.—Do you really think that the figures placed in the State House Yard deserve the names of Wisdom and Justice ascribed to them; or whether Wisdom and Justice were consulted on the occasion?

ANSWER.—Assuredly not; but there is no accounting for tastes. The taste of those who thus turned Wisdom and her husband out of doors, may safely be questioned. We believe they were placed there to frighten the caterpillars.

QUESTION.—Do you think the island opposite the city, in its present state, an ornament or a nuisance?

ANSWER.—Neither. As it cannot be taken away, however, very conveniently, we would have Councils purchase and improve it, forming a delightful botanic garden on it, open at all times to decent well-dressed people, free of charge.

QUESTION.—What constitutes, according to modern fashion, the chief end of man?

ANSWER.—The pursuit of money.

QUESTION.—Why doth the hair and nails of dead people grow?

ANSWER.—Because the humidity and moisture,

which is the cause of their growth, is not exhausted till a considerable time after death. But that which makes the hair and nails of dead people appear to grow faster than they really do, is the falling away and contraction of the flesh, whereby the hair and nails appear nearer the roots and consequently seem longer.

QUESTION.—Why have you not answered my questions about love?

ANSWER.—Because they require reflection to decide.

FOR THE ARIEL.

STANZAS.

My hopes are not—my joys are fled—
My mind is on the rack of pain—
My thoughts are with the buried dead—
Nor love, nor peace, for me remain!
All that I treasured once as gems,
The fairest that the earth could give,
Are, like the roses from their stems,
No longer with the things that live.

The cherish'd ones of better days,
Around whose hearts my love did cling,
Are gone!—and as I backward gaze,
My heart resumes its worshipping.
The mother who, with anxious care,
Was wont to smile upon my ways,
Now offers not the mother's prayer,
Nor chants the mother's hymn of praise.

And he, who taught my erring feet
To walk in duty's path alone,
No longer homeward doth me greet,
Nor listens to my merry tone!
And she, the loved one of my heart—
Who, when her sun of life went down,
The tenderest ties of love did part,
And left me 'neath fate's sternest frown!

The constant longings after fame—
The thoughts of happier hours to come—
Are all forgot: I ask no name,
Save with the tenants of the tomb.
My friends in death's cold sleep repose,
And I am left alone to weep;
Upon their graves I strew the rose,
And hover o'er their dreamless sleep!

PIPER.

Sandy Hill, N. Y. Sept. 22, 1829.

From "Curiosity," a poem—by Charles Sprague, Esq.

THE MISER.

The churl, who holds it heresy to think,
Who loves no music but the dollar's clink,
Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools,
And deems the first of poets first of fools—
Who never found what good from science grew,
Save the grand truth that one and one are two;
And marvels Bowditch o'er a book should pore,
Unless to make those two turn into four; [sky,
Who, placed where Catskill's forehead greets the
Grieves that such queries all unhearn should lie;
Or, gazing where Niagara's torrents thrill,
Exclaims, "A monstrous stream—to turn a mill;"
Who loves to feel the blessed winds of heaven,
But as his freighted barks are portward driven;
Even he, across whose brain scarce dares to creep
Aught but thrift's parent pair—to get, to keep;
Who never learn'd life's real bliss to know—
With curiosity even he can glow.

Go, seek him out on yon dear Gotham's walk,
Where traffic's venturer's meet to trade and talk;
Where Mammon's votaries bend, of each degree,
The hard-eyed lender and the pale lendee;
Where rogues insolvent strut in whitewash'd pride,
And shove the dupes who trusted them aside.
How thro' the buzzing crowd he threads his way,
To catch the flying rumors of the day:
To learn of changing stocks, of bargains cross'd,
Of breaking merchants, and of cargoes lost;
The thousand ills that traffic's walks invade,
And give the heart-ache to the sons of trade.
How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's woe,
Nods his wise head, and cries, "I told you so—"
"The thriftless fellow lived beyond his means,"
"He must buy brants—I make my folks eat beans."

What cares he for the knave, the knave's sad wife,
The blighted prospects of an anxious life;
The kindly throbs that other men control,
Ne'er melt the iron of the miser's soul;
Thro' life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends;
But when to death he sinks, ungrieved, unsung,
Buoy'd by the blessing of no mortal tongue,
No worth rewarded and no want redress'd,
To scatter fragrance round his place of rest,
What shall that hallowed epitaph supply—
The universal woe when good men die?
Cold Curiosity shall linger there,
To guess the wealth he leaves his tearless heir;
Perchance to wonder what must be his doom,
In the far land that lies beyond the tomb.

Alas! for him, if, in its awful plan,
Heaven deal with him as he hath dealt with man!

From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1830.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away;
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play.

And thus the friends that flutter near,
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And cherups midst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

JOY....BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

Joy!—Joy!—Joy!—

Comes bounding o'er the plain,
A rosy, laughter-loving boy,
'Mid Pleasure's sportive train!
Around his brows a viny wreath
With the blushing rose is twined,
And his scented locks rich odors breathe
To every passing wind!

Joy!—Joy!—Joy!—

His smile is like the morn,
As he roams, a jolly hunter-boy,
'Mid the sound of hound and horn!
While echo bears on every breeze
His spirit-stirring voice;
And his care-dispelling melodies
Make the leafy woods rejoice!

Joy!—Joy!—Joy!—

He decks the festal shrine;
And the bright eyes of the laughing boy
O'er the wine-cup gaily shine!
He leads the revel and the dance,
He chants the bridal song,
And sports in Beauty's sunny glance,
Life's glowing scenes among!

Selected for the Ariel.

HAPPINESS.

Do you wish for happiness? Enjoy what you possess, without consuming life in vain expectations; learn to be patient, and set proper boundaries to your desires. Without moderation, nothing can be really enjoyed.

VIRTUE—TO THE LADIES.

There is no charm in the female sex that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by painters and statuary under female forms; but if any of them have a more particular title to that sex, it is modesty.

THE SUREST ROAD TO HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

Govern your passions; be cheerful; be temperate in all things; never leave any thing to be done by the stomach which can be done by the teeth; and never let your teeth do more than your hands; and if you have a middling constitution, you may live an hundred years.

REPARTEE.

Says a beau to a lady: "Pray, name if you can, Of all your acquaintance the handsomest man?"
The lady replied: "If you'd have me speak true, He's the handsomest man that's most unlike you!"

ON MATRIMONY.

Tom praised his friend, who changed his state,
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine!
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried;
"Too true, alas!" said Jack, and sighed—
"T will be the end of mine."

IMPROMPTU, ON A VERY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WEARING SPECTACLES.

Those brilliant suns can kill or cure,
As well as eyes of other lasses—
Then since their rays will scorch too sure,
Ah, why the aid of burning glasses?

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw never so much salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou art raw and ulcerous.

Never compare thy condition with those above thee; but to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not, for any interest, change thy fortune and condition.

If thou buyest of fine books only to set up in thy closet, and never readest them, thou wilt be like a man that getteth in nice provisions and never eats them.

Bustle gives false peace, by leaving no leisure for reflection.—H. More.



THE OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

A memorable and recent example of literary jealousy offers in the history of two brothers, Dr. William and John Hunter, both great characters, fitted to be rivals; but nature, it was imagined, in the tenderness of blood, had placed a bar to rivalry. John, without any determined pursuit in his youth, was received by his brother at the height of his celebrity; the Doctor initiated him into his school; they performed their experiments together; and William Hunter was the first to announce to the world the great genius of his brother. After this close connection in all their studies and discoveries, Dr. William Hunter published his magnificent work, the proud favorite of his heart, the asserter of his fame. Was it creditable, that the genius of the celebrated anatomist, which had been nursed under the wing of his brother, should turn on that wing to elip it? John Hunter put in his claim to the chief discovery: it was answered by his brother. The Royal Society, to whom they appealed, concealed the documents of this unnatural feud. The blow was felt; and the jealousy of literary honor for ever separated the brothers, and the brothers of genius.—*D'Israeli on the Literary Character.*

The cheerful composure of a reasonable and religious, and therefore, contented mind, is the only solid felicity that this world affords—the great blessing of heaven here below, that will enable us to relish the rest, if we have them, and to be satisfied if we have them not.—*Secker.*

The longer I live, the more clearly I see the folly of toiling and projecting for futurity. Prepare for death, without being melancholy at the thoughts of it.—*Mme. de Maintenon.*

Politeness is of every nation: the manner of expressing it is different, but there is no difference in its nature.—*Fenelon, ap. Bausset.*

The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
As Phœbus to the world is science to the soul.

Beattie.

Nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

There is a certain time of life when a wise man takes leave of the world.—*Saurin.*

Religious toleration is a duty, a virtue, which man owes to man; considered as a public right, it is the respect of the government to the consciences of the citizens, and the objects of their veneration and their faith.—*Portalis.*

Coercion, though it may form habits, never forms principles, the only security for their permanence.—*Taylor, Ougar.*

Shallow artifice begets suspicion,
And, like a cob-web, veils, but thinly shades
The face of thy design; alone disguising [chief!
What should have ne'er been seen—imperfect mis-
Thou, like the adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the traveller; and after, hear'st
Not his pursuing voice: e'en when thou think'st
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
Confess, and point the path which thou hast crept.
O, fate of fools! officious in contriving;
n execruting—puzzled, lame, and lost.—*Congreve.*

A man may play the fool with every thing else, but not with poetry—

Neither men, nor gods, nor pillars meant
Poets should ever be indifferent.

I would to heaven this sentence were writ over the door of all our printers, to forbid the entrance of so many rhymers.—*Montaigne.*

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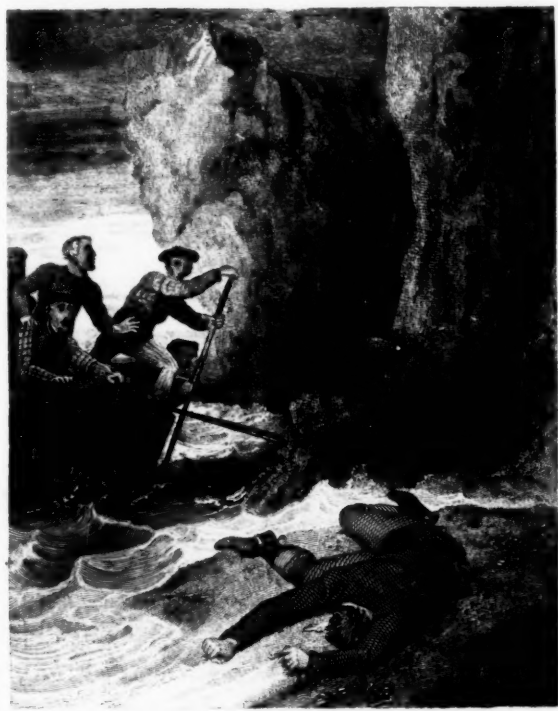
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Drawn by R. Westall, Esq.

Engraved by J. G. Kay

GUY RANSFORD.

THE DEAD BODY OF KENNEDY DISCOVERED ON THE BEACH.

Published expressly for the Arist. Vol. III. No. 13.